

## A THAMES FLEET.

EARLY in May Father Thames determined to review his fleet, and, not without a feeling of pride did he survey the vessels, gorgeous in unlimited paint, and plentifully bedecked with bunting. How deliciously the paint smelt, how brilliant were the buttons of the skippers, how truly Venetian the awnings! "Yes," said Father Thames, as he swallowed some gallons of smoke, "I have much to be thankful for. Life has its joys and its HILLS combined." Then he wondered if the *Maria Wood* could not be tinkered up, for she would certainly be in the best of company.

## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF THE SOUTHEND LION HUNT.

[A lion is said to be at large in the vicinity of Southend. Parties of gentlemen, armed with rifles obtained from the Southend Rifle Club, have been busy "hunting" in the neighbouring coverts. It was reported that persons had heard the animal roar, and the children were afraid to go to school. The "hunters," although encouraged to persevere by curious "footprints" observed here and there, have so far been unsuccessful in their search. A gentleman living close by is of opinion that the mysterious visitor is a stag. Whatever the animal may be, it is still at large, and the mystery is unsolved.—*Daily Paper*.]

BROWN was a sporting citizen

Of credit and renown  
(And so were JONES and ROBINSON)  
In famous Southend town.

Said BROWN to JONES and ROBINSON,  
"Though gunning off we've been,  
And slain confiding gulls, yet we  
No big game e'er have seen:

"But now a lion fierce and grim  
Has made its horrid lair  
In yonder thicket wild, to which  
To-morrow we'll repair."

JONES soon replied, "Amongst the best  
Of sportsmen you're the one  
I most admire"—and so, to all  
Intent, said ROBINSON.

"Therefore this deed," continued JONES,  
"Of daring shall be done"—  
The hardy compact thus he made,  
And so did ROBINSON.

The morning came, the sportsmen dressed  
All in their loudest checks,  
With cartridge-bags and hunting-knives  
Suspended round their necks.

They shouldered with an air expert  
The deadly tubes, which BROWN  
Had borrowed from the Rifle Club  
In famous Southend town.

And soon the woods and brakes resound,  
For BROWN had thought it meet  
To hire a hundred loafers bold  
The coverts for to beat.



*Mrs. Vanoof (shopping in Paris).* "NOW LET ME SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT EXTRA SPECIAL."  
*Salesman.* "MADAM, WE 'AVE SOME VER' FINE LOUIS TREIZE."

*Mr. Vanoof.* "TRAYS, MAN! WHAT DO WE WANT WITH TRAYS!"

*Mrs. Vanoof.* "BETTER TRY ONE OR TWO; THEY'RE ONLY A LOUIS."

Each sportsman flourished right and left  
The unaccustomed arm,  
The while he eyed his neighbour's with  
But ill-concealed alarm.

From dawn to eve they beat the woods.  
Throughout the country side,  
And all the squires and gamekeepers  
Were highly gratified.

They found no lion, but at last  
They found a curious slot—  
"A lion's or a stag's," said BROWN,  
As he surveyed the spot.

"Their feet are very much alike,"  
Said BROWN, and JONES agreed,

Whilst ROBINSON, as in duty bound,  
Said, "Very much indeed."

Just then a fearful roar was heard.  
Each sportsman turned to run,  
BROWN fired at JONES by accident,  
And JONES at ROBINSON.

Again the fearful roar rang out,  
More near and yet more near—  
Alas! Alas! "A braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear!"

The beaters noised the tale abroad,  
And sadly now goes BROWN  
(As also JONES and ROBINSON)  
In famous Southend town.

## WANDERING IN "THE WILDERNESS."

FOR such success as *The Wilderness* may have achieved, its author Mr. H. V. ESMOND must gratefully thank the excellence of his better half's (Mrs. ESMOND alias Miss EVA MOORE) performance as *Mabel Vaughan*, and must also acknowledge the artistic quality of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S *Sir Harry Milanor*. Three-sixths of the praise, fractionally divided, must be allotted to the actress, two-sixths to the leading actor, while the remaining one-sixth must be divided among the company generally, on whose talents no considerable call is made. Outside these, so to speak, and appearing only in the first act, are two small character-parts so well rendered by Mr. LENNOX PAWLE and Mrs. EDWARD SAKER as to cause regret at their total eclipse subsequent to their short half-hour on the stage, after which they, condemned to a fate similar to that of the "poor player who struts and frets," are "heard no more." Out—out! ye two brief dramatic candles, *Lady Pawson* and her son Mr. Gilbert; the latter, by the way, could, without the stuffin' of tea and muffin, make up perfectly for the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. [Happy thought! To write a play for him as the hero and call it "Joe." Not "Poor Joe" nor "Jo"; these have been done. But "Joe" tout simple. Perhaps, though, the answer may be "Not for Joe." So, to proceed.]

Mr. ALEXANDER certainly creates a part out of scanty materials. It is clever, not very pleasant, for there is a touch of cynicism in his manner that makes anything he says and does, that has any heart in it, unreal. A man of thirty-five, a millionaire, a responsible person, and a magnate in his own county, who presumably received a public-school and University training, who has seen the world at home and abroad—a man of this stamp, a gentleman by birth and education, talking as foolishly and inconsequently as a scatter-brained youth of nineteen, and behaving as an irresponsible being, a kind of youthful *Harold Skimpole*, is, as a character in play or novel, an unsolvable problem. Have we renounced the "problem play" to find the problem character? Yet just when the part is beginning to be wearisome it suddenly becomes interesting. This happens in the last act, from which, by the way, a good ten minutes' worth of dialogue could be excised much to the advantage of the play.

But if *Sir Problem Bart*, troubles the intelligent "friends in front," in *Mabel Vaughan*, the flirt, the lark, the dangerously high-spirited, impulsive yet calculating, unprincipled and impudent, the budding adventuress who, converted by marriage, into a true and devotedly loving wife, will be recognised as a living picture of a type far from rare, which has been seen on the stage ere now, but never in so perfect a presentment as is now given us in *Mabel Vaughan*, that is, as played by Miss EVA MOORE. So real, so natural, is she that one feels sympathetically inclined to persuade her from being so headstrongly honest, and, after seven months of happiest possible wedlock, so most unnecessarily communicative. Nothing threatens her: she is afraid of nobody: it is only a case of a conscience, inexplicably and suddenly, after seven months' rest, aroused! And what about? Nothing: absolutely nothing at all. She had married for money, married out of pique, and then had arrived at loving and honouring her husband. There is something in the part akin to that of Mrs. Mildmay in *Still Waters run Deep*, but *Sir Harry* is no counterpart of the sensible bourgeois husband in that play, while *Jack Kennerton* is a colourless and insipid kind of intending seducer of a very ordinary type. This dull, gay young dog, with a criminal passion for *Mabel*, is a difficult part thoroughly well played by Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, with the one exception of his final scene with *Mabel*. Even in the best-built house, where the ears of the walls may be stuffed with tapestry, the loud tones of an impetuous lover would penetrate into the study, dining-room, and kitchen. When he was uttering his sentiments to *Mabel*, stentorianly passionate with loving or with bitter reproaches, everyone interested

in the scene must have trembled lest a servant should suddenly enter to artfully inquire "Did you ring, my lady?" or lest *Sir Harry* should unexpectedly dash in to see what on earth could be the matter.

Miss LE THIÈRE as *Lady Milanor*, *Sir Harry's* mother, gives us a broadly-drawn highly-coloured picture of a made-up old woman of the world, not intended for a *grande dame*.

Mr. ESMOND's people, with the exception of three principals, are all stage puppets, including Mrs. Buckley Weston's two children, Master VYVIAN THOMAS, and Miss PHYLLIS DARE, who do most conscientiously what they have been mistakenly taught, but as their presence in no way strengthens the piece, it would have been more satisfactory to the audience, and less risky to success, had this little couple been as invisible as are the fairies about whom Mr. ESMOND has made them chatter with such irritating affectation.

A beautiful scene this woodland one, painted by W. HANN, as perfect a sylvan picture as could be seen on any stage. This can't be "the Wilderness." It is not so named in the playbill. Is "the Wilderness" the tea-shop, or is it London? "Out of the Wilderness," says *Sir Harry*, "into the sunshine." *Mabel* asks him, as an afterthought, what he means by this expression. His answer did not clear up the mystery.

What had the author, who has done far better work than this, in his head when he called this play "the Wilderness?" On the other hand, "Why not?" Quite so. We'll let it rest at that, and as *Sam Weller* replied to Mr. Tuckle, "We shall get on by degrees, I des-say. We'll try a better one, by-and-bye."

## MUSICAL GLASSES.

[“People anxious to know Who's Who at the Opera should cut out and keep our plan of the private boxes at Covent Garden.”—*Daily Express*.]

ALL ye who worship WAGNER and find VERDI to your taste,  
With our fashionable guide-book forth to Covent Garden haste,  
And while MANCINELLI's bâton saws the aromatic air  
With your nicely-focussed glasses at the crowded boxes stare;  
Mrs. COCKALORUM 's sitting in the box upon your right,  
That is Lady WIGGLE-WAGGLE in the next one, dressed in white,  
And the man above—ah, that one, what a nose he has to scratch!  
Is old MOSES AFRICANUS, with Miss MABEL BANDERSNATCH.

Oh, haste to Covent Garden with the longest-ranging glasses,  
And our plan will introduce you to the brilliant upper classes!

Oh, the secret spells of MOZART!—(Lady TATCHO's dyed her hair—)

EAMES is singing like an angel!—(And I can't think how she dare—)

MAUBOURG's voice is ringing truly!—(Every shade of red she tries—)

MANCINELLI's quite a genius!—(Oh, of course she blacks her eyes!)

Swims the music thro' the theatre, ah! the witchery of sound,  
While the glasses ranging, ranging, do the fashionable round,—  
Search the boxes, note the titles, count tiaras, and assess,  
To the strains of "Don Giovanni," Lady PUMPERNICKEL's dress!

Oh, haste to Covent Garden with the longest-ranging glasses,  
And we'll bring you into contact with our most *distingué* classes!

MR. VERE HARDUP (dating from Subrosa Cottage, Lowater) writes:—"I see the University of California has bestowed the degree of LL.D. on the American President. Hope he'll like it. Could you, Sir, induce anybody—some wealthy body like the University of California for example—to bestow a degree of L. S. D. on yours truly? If so, will make it worth your while, or, if you are sufficiently crafty, worth your wile."



## SCENE FROM KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

(PART I., ACT 2, SCENE IV.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*

*Falstaff* . . . LORD S-L-SB-Y.    *Prince Henry* . . . W-EST-N CH-RCH-LL.    *Poins* . . . CONSERVATIVE PRE'S.

*Falstaff*. "CALL YOU THAT BACKING OF YOUR FRIENDS? A PLAGUE UPON SUCH BACKING!"

[The resolution on which the Army Scheme will be based was more powerfully criticised from the Conservative side than from the Opposition Benches.]







"OH, MR. JONES! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A VOLUNTEER, AND ON HORSEBACK, TOO! YOU USED NOT TO RIDE. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A CAVALRYMAN?" Jones. "OH, I'VE BEEN EXERCISING FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS ON—" (sadly) "AND OFF!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Army Act provides that an officer thinking himself wronged by his Commanding Officer, may carry his grievance direct to the foot of the Throne. General Sir HENRY COLVILLE, precluded by technical difficulties from taking that course, appeals to the British public. His statement takes the shape of a record of *The Work of the Ninth Division* (EDWARD ARNOLD). The plain, straight-forward narrative, illustrated by maps and plans, makes clear the intricate story of Sannah's Post and Lindley. He states his case with a manly reserve not less valorous than his bearing on the battle-field. He indulges in no violent diatribes, makes no accusations, arrays his facts with soldierly brevity and precision, and leaves the jury of the world to decide between him and the Prosecutor-judge at the War Office. There may be differences of opinion among military critics (enjoying the advantage of coming to judgment after the event), whether General COLVILLE did or omitted to do the right thing at the critical moment at Lindley and Sannah's Post. My Baronite believes there will be no difference of opinion on the assertion that if in their dealings with the Commander of the Ninth Division the authorities at the War Office were right, they were uncommonly unfortunate in the direction taken to reach the right.

The Baron hopes that *The Private Life of the King*, by One of His Majesty's Servants (PEARSON), will not be brought under HIS MAJESTY'S notice as, the KING'S sense of humour being peculiarly keen, the effect on HIS MAJESTY might be serious. Would that Mr. Punch had a WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to review this work, which he would probably pronounce to be "beyond criticism" and though, perhaps, "beyond" may not be precisely the word, yet it expresses the idea. To say that it is

"above criticism" would not be in accordance with fact. It would be an illustration of "*Le Roi s'amuse*" were HIS MAJESTY to give a few minutes to this work by "One of His Majesty's Servants." As to the photographic portraits, probably Mr. DOWNEY would be the best judge of the justice done to his handiwork; and if he be pleased, then "Box and Cox are satisfied," and so, of course, is the Baron.

*My Son Richard* (HUTCHINSON) is truly described as a romance of the river. The river is the Thames, and for the scene of his story, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has chosen the lovely reach lying between Maidenhead and Marlow. He knows and loves every furlong of it, and is happily gifted with the power of communicating to others his pleasure in contemplating it. He peoples its banks and its boats with pleasant folk, who live ordinary holiday life, fishing, flirting, punting and rowing. It makes a pretty pastoral picture, pleasant for the study of those who have time and opportunity to get on the river, perhaps even more so to those, like my Baronite, whose chief boating experience is pulling the galley oar in town. The story is brought up to date by news of the outbreak of the war in South Africa, and the patriotic but inconvenient desire of *My Son Richard*, and others of the company, to imitate MALBROOK, *Qu'il s'en va't en guerre*.

Buy and "Sell." Useful and entertaining for all those who are blessed, or otherwise, with the journalistic faculty is the large volume entitled *Sell's World's Press*, with its artistically got up supplement, containing portraits of such a number of what a fortune-telling gipsy might term "pretty gentlemen." In connection with the name of "Sell," it is a good thing to be taken in. But in spite of the name the information, to judge of it at a glance, is ample and accurate in the opinion of the careful

BARON DE B.-W.

## TO A PIGEON OF "LA PIAZZA."

BIRD of the beady eye and tireless crop,  
 Capacious past the common pigeon's use,  
 Brave, neck and breast, with bloom of green and purple,  
 A rounded Iris answering the sun,  
 But suited for the rest in sober grey,  
 Mating the dusky gleam of Moorish domes,  
 And sombre-hued against the gilt and glare  
 Of bastard Byzantine, restored "to taste"—  
 I like you, bird; the gondolas and you  
 Would seem the only ancient things in Venice,  
 Which we may hope to understand without  
 The help of Mr. RUSKIN. Let me buy  
 One little paper bag of yellow maize,  
 Dear at a *soldo*, and I'll undertake,  
 Waiving the Master's aid, to win your love  
 As perfectly as though I had by heart  
 The inwardness of all the Middle Ages.

I say, I like you, bird; you have a soul  
 Unseared by culture; you will roost o' nights  
 Indifferently on a marble niche  
 Flanking the dim mosaic's awful marge,  
 Or up a rain-spout; on the Doges' Palace,  
 Or QUADRI's restaurant; you throw your eye  
 With equal and dispassionate regard  
 Upon the untutored Briton who aspires  
 Not far beyond the sudden Kodak's film,  
 And on the fair Bostonian rapt with awe,  
 Her *Stones of Venice* tucked beneath her arm,  
 Her visage wan with having drunk too well  
 The borrowed sweets of that laborious bee,  
 AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. It moves you not,  
 Although LA DUSE passes, deadily bored  
 With playing in her hero's *Città Morta*;  
 Nay, should the hero's self, Italia's pride,  
 D'ANNUNZIO, superb and rather bald,  
 Consent to prance across the dazzled square,  
 Recalling memories of the Golden Time,  
 You would not turn to stare as others turn,  
 Quite rudely; what's D'ANNUNZIO to you,  
 Unless his largesse leaves you plump with grain?  
 And even so the studied attitude  
 Will certainly escape you. I respect  
 Your disregard of persons. I admire  
 With what aloofness you ignore the crowd,  
 Going about your private loves and hates  
 As though the public counted not at all,  
 Save as a menace to your fragile toes  
 And as a source of food. It is an art,  
 This unselfconsciousness, which we have lost,  
 Like that of wearing wings. You keep them both.

What brought you here, I wonder, at the first,  
 Before the hucksters spread their toothsome wares  
 Within the very temple's outer courts?  
 Doubtless the prose accounts are always best;  
 Yet, were I poet, I would dare to say  
 Here, too, was instinct, Nature's work by which  
 Beauty is drawn to beauty, like to like,  
 Not knowing wherefore. So, by such a spell,  
 I will believe that in the Time-old tale,  
 The Cytherean doves, they knew not why,  
 Hovered about the gracious ways of her,  
 That other Aphrodite of the Sea.

Venice, May 15.

O. S.

## THE NEW "FRONDE."

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette* an effort is being made to establish a daily paper in London which shall be the production of women for women in every particular. Sporting news will be done by women as well as politics, Parliament, &c." Nothing if not up-to-date, Mr. *Punch* offers an "intelligent anticipation" of the first number:—

## POLITICS.

(By our Special Parliamentary Representative.)

A very dull sitting, which would have been quite uneventful but for the appearance of the beautiful Mrs. HADDON HALL, who lightened the gloom of the ladies' gallery by a charming confection of fawn *glacé*. She wore a coat of Directoire shape, the smart little basque being cut away at the sides. The revers and cuffs were faced with silk and trimmed with gold braid, while the waistcoat was of Pompadour silk box-pleated, and the lace frills that fell over her hands matched the lace of the jabot. And here let me protest once more against the wicked iniquity of allowing ladies to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" in that abominable black hole behind the grille, where the choicest toilette of Paris sheds its lustre in vain. In spite of good eye-sight and the best opera glasses, I was quite unable to detect the material of Mrs. HADDON HALL's underskirt.

Miss —, of the Woman's Suffrage League, was busy lobbying, as usual, gowned in her customary severe simplicity. I noticed that several Members have taken to summer wear. Mr. W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL, in particular, looked well in a new frock-coat, while Mr. B-RNS was democratic in a bowler.

## SPORT.

The cricket tournament at Lord's yesterday proved very interesting. JONES, the fast bowler, opened with a tremendous service to BROWN, who, however, returned the leather, slogging it right out of court.

Nothing daunted, JONES returned to the attack, but BROWN defended his uprights, half-volleying the service. At the third ball he was narrowly missed by the stump-keeper, who, however, failed to hold the pilule and passed to longstop, who neatly returned it to JONES. After the fifth ball the umpire called "Over!" but the match was not ended yet. JONES was exhausted by his tremendous efforts, and the service was taken up by SMITH from the other end of the court. SMITH's service seemed to be very deadly, pitching just on the service-line with a nasty twist in towards the goal-posts, and it evidently puzzled the batsman, whose score remained steadily at love. At length, growing desperate, he ran in to the globe and volleyed it right into SMITH's hands, who held the sphere amid loud applause. By this time SMITH was out of breath, but JONES having recovered resumed the service, and another batsman coming in, play continued until lunch time, when who should I see crossing the court but CHARLIE, who is playing for the M.C.C. and looked delicious in flannels. He was as surprised to see me as I to set eyes on him, and would hardly believe it when I said I was there to report the match for the new paper. He asked me to lunch with him, and being very hungry and tired, I was delighted; and after lunch he offered to overhaul my copy; and that, perhaps, is why I have been able to give such a minute and technical account of the match.

## THE MONEY MARKET.

Rain falling heavily in the morning, the market was dull, though umbrellas went up and there was a run on waterproofs. At this season of the year, a safe investment is a bolero. During the recent cold weather there was a perceptible rise in furs, the bears having it all their own way. Muslins were sensitive, but have now recovered and will probably remain steady for some time, but owing to the continuous east winds, transparent collars are still at a discount.

## JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCES.



AT ONE END OF THE STRING.—"YOU MUST BE A FOOLISH BOY TO FISH DOWN A DRAIN-PIPE."

## SPOILT PARENTS.

["In America the question is being discussed as to whether children are not too kind to their parents. One writer in the *Forum* objects to the 'simpering and plastic smile,' and urges that a child must say 'No' with firmness to those parental orders of which it disapproves."—*The Globe*.]

O CHILDREN, how long will you pamper and pet  
Your parents by meekly obeying  
Whatever injunctions they happen to set,  
No matter what folly displaying?  
You over-indulge them, you make them expect,  
As a matter of course, your compliance  
With all their decrees. Show a little neglect  
And bid them a hearty defiance.

Away with your simpering smile, and away  
With your flattery, servile and florid!  
Reply to whatever your parents may say  
With a frown on your infantile forehead.  
Be firm with them always; and if they should dare  
To give you an order, why, say it  
Don't meet your approval and so you don't care  
To trouble yourself to obey it.

Yes, parents exaggerate what is their due,  
And you are to blame for it greatly  
By the lamb-like obedience yielded by you,  
O children—especially lately.  
It's tempting to spoil them, no doubt; but be firm,  
And let this be your constant endeavour—  
No matter how much they may froth, fret and squirm,  
To do what they order you never.



AT THE OTHER END OF THE STRING.



## THE HAPPY HILLS OF LEE.

Oh, there's sunshine on the happy hills, the happy hills of Lee,  
 And there's freshness in the valleys where they part to meet  
 the sea;  
 And there's laughter in the waving trees and laughter in the  
 air,  
 And there's rest for men and women who may chance to  
 wander there,  
 And I hear a voice that whispers, "Oh, it's there that you  
 would be;  
 Turn your steps, you weary toiler, to the happy hills of Lee."  
 Many friends I loved have gone there; I shall see them once  
 again,  
 When the hills rise bright before me as I trudge across the  
 plain, [leap,  
 And my feet will spring to meet them and my weary heart will  
 As I hear, awake, their voices that have cheered me in my  
 sleep.  
 They will come to bid me welcome and they'll stretch their  
 hands to me,  
 When I touch the shining borders of the happy hills of Lee.  
 Oh, I often thought of starting when the clouds were hanging  
 low,  
 When my hands were worn with working and my feet were  
 dragging slow,  
 When the light of life was sinking that had flashed so bright  
 and gay. [day;  
 Then, I thought, I'll stay no longer, but I'll start at break of  
 I will drop my load and leave it, and I'll wander fair and free  
 To a peaceful, sunny haven in the happy hills of Lee.  
 But there's something always holds me, something presses on  
 my heart,  
 When the distant voices call me, and I never can depart;  
 Something toilsome, something weary, but I know it must be done  
 Ere I start, my labour ended, for the haven in the sun.  
 Yet some day, without my thinking, I shall leave it all and see  
 Far away, but growing nearer, all the happy hills of Lee.

R. C. L.

## USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

WHAT startling post-cards for Home and Abroad distribution have been recently brought out by Messrs. R. TUCK & SONS under the style and title of "The Heraldic Series," displaying the arms, hands, legs, feet and mot-toes of most of the principal towns in United Kingdom! They might have been invented by a modern *Mr. Peter Magnus*, who, following in the steps of his Pickwickian prototype, finds that some trifling pictorial novelty on a post-card has the same effect on the recipients as had those "hasty notes to intimate acquaintance," with "afternoon" signed on them instead of "P.M.," which was, in *Mr. PICKWICK*'s opinion, a performance "calculated to afford them (*Mr. Magnus*'s friends) the highest gratification."

Exeter is represented by "Three Castles" and "a Cow." Why? "Three Castles" is the celebrated Virginian tobacco praised by THACKERAY; while a "Cow" is associated with the "three acres" once so familiar to the ears of political supporters. But what has Exeter specially to do with these things? Cheltenham is represented by a rook, two books, a couple of gulls, and (apparently) a cauliflower rampant. Again, why? The meaning of the Harrogate motto is more evident, "*Arx celebris fontibus*," clearly "Arx (i.e. 'ask') for the celebrated waters." The armorial bearings of Birmingham have nothing of Brummagem about them. On the left of a shield (one of the South Shields, perhaps) is a languishing lady, with palette and brushes; clearly "Art," and as she is tall she represents "High Art." On the right is a Smith ("heard that name before"), with a hammer resting on an anvil, while in

the centre above the shield is a castellated crown, out of which has arisen a muscular arm with hand grasping a battle-axe that is about to descend sharply on the idle blacksmith's head, just by way of reminder that he must get on with his work. The motto is an excellent one, "Forward," which, of course, is not intended to be applicable to the very modest and retiring female artist already mentioned, while the arm with battle-axe is evidently to suggest how unpleasant for the workmen would be the effects of a strike.

We regret not having at our disposal more leisure for the deciphering of these arms and mottoes, "the bearings" of which lie "in the application on 'em." Anyway, the idea is novel, and will induce many, who have nothing particular to say, to send some of these cards as puzzles to friends in any part of the United Kingdom.

## ONE REASON FOR TAXING SUGAR.

THE bitter-sweet in Life how intertwined,  
 Comingled and compounded! Where the mind  
 That could the dual properties dis sever?  
 Ah! no, they will be separated never.

The Government so deep read in the laws  
 Nature imposes for the common cause,  
 Has long taxed *bitter*. What could be more meet  
 Than that it now should wish to tax the *sweet*?

## PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

## II.—THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS "TIP-TOP."

GOOD health is a bright jewel, someone with a *penchant* for copybook maxims has said. Doubtless; at the same time it's bad form to be over-dressed with any kind of ornament, and there are some people whose ostentatious good health is very exasperating. ROUSER, for instance, falls into this category. He's not content to be healthy in a gentlemanly, un-assuming way; it makes him positively aggressive.

"What," shouts ROUSER (he never talks, and no tradition exists of his ever having whispered), "not feeling quite up to the mark, aren't you? Eh? These east winds! Pooh, man. Why, I'm tip-top—absolutely. What *you* want is a five-mile walk before breakfast. Then you'd be as fit as a fiddle."

I think of mentioning that there are fiddles and fiddles, but it's of little use replying to ROUSER. So I smile sceptically and change the subject, though the latter is a difficult thing to accomplish. Odd thing that such men imagine rude health necessarily connotes rude manners. Men like ROUSER always mistake good health for a moral quality.

"I thank my stars I never get influenza," he is always exclaiming during the winter and spring months, suggesting by his tone that there has been some special dispensation of Providence on his behalf.

I dislike a man who is always telling me what he thinks I want. ROUSER's a distinct failure as a thought-reader. Then, again, just because an early breakfast doesn't disagree with him, he chucks (that 's the only word which describes it) this early breakfast at all his less obviously robust friends. I say "less obviously robust" advisedly, for I believe many of us are quite as healthy, though not so ostentatiously healthy, as ROUSER.

"Look here, ROUSER!" I've said to him. "If an early breakfast suits you, then take it—but for goodness sake take it secretly, and make no public mention of such an unholy performance: else may the ghost of ELIA haunt you."

But perhaps this is scarcely kind to the ghost of ELIA.

No doubt the day will come when the chastening influence of a chill will descend on ROUSER. To every man there comes, at some time, the opportunity to reform. And when that much to be desired event arrives, ROUSER, I am sure, will rise from his bed a quieter and more tolerable companion.



## "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT";

*Or, the Coming Eclipse—of the Honeymoon.*

["That the modern bride cannot endure the sole companionship of her husband for even the first few days of married life, and that Benedick must have golfing or playhouses, or the society of friends, lest he should be bored by the woman he has just taken as a life-companion, is truly a pitiful exposure of the spirit in which the holy estate is entered upon by the present generation."—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

Being a "Love-letter" from a Bride to an Intimate Friend.

MY DEAREST INA,—When GEORGE and I left good old Hill Street for Charing Cross in his motor-car, I experienced the most awful feelings of loneliness. So did GEORGE. So silly, when we had arranged to be sensible and make the honeymoon a matter of mere traditional interest. GEORGE'S own words. I never realized what strangers we are until we were tuff-tuffing across Berkeley Square in a kind of misty matrimonial gloom. I wished, dear, I knew him better. You see, I saw so little of him when we were engaged, and now that we are married I expect my chances of knowing him are altogether gone. We shall be like "ships that pass in the night," you know. I actually felt nonplussed as to what to talk about. I knew his five golf stories (including the swear words), and he has made himself thoroughly familiar with my remarks on the weather. So, you see, we were at a complete standstill. Fortunately, we were not long left in this awful predicament, for the motor went wrong (good old GEORGE!), and we arranged that I should get out and take a cab, while GEORGE and his man should push the car to the station or die in the attempt. Quite a will of his own, hasn't he? By-the-bye, dearest, his moustache is brown. You were right, after all. I always thought it was black; but, of course, you know him so much better than I do.

Thank goodness, there was a crowd to meet us at Charing Cross. All the PETER-SHAWLS and that set. CHARLEY was so amusing, and travelled down with us to Dover. Wasn't it a relief, dear? GEORGE studied *Ruff's Guide* until he fell asleep, and CHARLEY and I played piquet. We went to the "Warden," and GEORGE persuaded CHARLEY to come too. The FOWLER-GRANTS met us at the hotel, for, as I think I told you, they had arranged a little dance in our honour. Though rather fagged with the ceremony and the hurry and bustle, I managed to get the best out of an average evening. Do you know, darling, GEORGE doesn't dance, and positively refused to be bored to death at the FOWLER-GRANTS (rather small house), so he and CHARLEY made the night hideous in the billiard-room. Mrs. F. G. was rather surprised at my going alone. Such an old-fashioned thing. I told her now-a-days a husband was an institution like the Tower



*Amateur Gardener (to goat-fancying neighbour). "Hi, MADAM! ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED PETS HAS GOT INTO MY GARDEN, AND IS EATING MY BEDDING-PLANTS!"*  
*Neighbour. "GOOD GRACIOUS! I TRUST THEY ARE NOT POISONOUS!"*

or the National Gallery. So accessible, dear, that you never go near them. She was—or pretended to be—a little shocked. I thought it was not bad for me.

We went on board one of those awful boats the next day in a drizzle. Not a soul on board we knew. I never realized what a really nice boy CHARLEY P. was until I saw him fading away in a Dover fly on his way to the station. Could anything be more awful, dear, more hopelessly depressing than to be alone on a tossing little tub with one's own husband? We were a most deplorable looking couple when we reached Calais. Here, I am thankful to say, the LEPIZONS met us as arranged. GEORGE was awfully bad-tempered. I can't think what annoyed him. Perhaps I bored him; perhaps he saw how successfully he bored me. At any rate, we decided (of course, quite nicely) that as he was sick

of Paris, he might as well return at once to England, when he thought he would be in time for the golf competition. He is so delightfully mad on golf, dear. Of course, it would be awfully dull for him here. We are going to do all the theatres next week and perhaps some of the music-halls, darling! Then we shall go on to Nice. I shall try and persuade GEORGE to come on there. He can golf all day, and play bridge with Col. WEYBRIDGE and the LEPIZONS in the evening.

If GEORGE decides to go straight home after Hoylake, we shall prolong our stay here. It will be an immense relief, dear, to know that he is perfectly happy in his dear, silly old way. And when we meet again the atmosphere of sickly sentiment will have cleared. One hopes so!

Ever yours devotedly,  
 SELINA TRUMAN.



"'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! STAND ON MY BACK FOR A SHILLIN'!"

#### THE HANDICAP OF INTELLECT.

[“In physical competitions (argues Mr. HERBERT SPENCER) the younger and weaker competitors are given an artificial advantage, but in mental competitions the reverse is the case.”—*St. James's Gazette*.]

STRANGE! that, while sense the body  
rules,  
The outworn discipline of schools  
Should fetter still the mind,  
That, while an equal race they ran,  
Mere thew and muscle lead the van,  
And genius lags behind.

Her honest best athletics tries  
Nature's defects to equalise,  
Her wrongs to right by art,

And “half-fifteen” it grants, or  
“bisque,”

To obviate the greater risk,  
That fairer all may start.

So should proud intellect with sense  
Its honours and rewards dispense,  
Creating fools M.A.'s,  
And dubbing dunces LL.D.'s,  
And thereby striving by degrees  
The weaker still to raise.

So be it our design to clap  
On intellect a handicap,  
And honest fools advance;  
That in the glorious by-and-by,  
By merit, or by favour, I  
At last may get a chance.

#### TO MY OWN TRUMPET.

I HAVE a trumpet rich in sound,  
I blew it long before I sang it  
My tomb on, when I'm underground;  
Oh, hang it!

It hangs conveniently to hand,  
And in Opinion's face I sound it  
When his voice cries against me and  
Confound it!

I sundry chords upon it play,  
But at the fear o'er-use might smash it  
The tear starts in my eye; away—  
Oh, dash it!

Strange when (in hunting phrase) I wind  
This brassy instrument audacious  
It should reveal me wise, refined,  
Good, gracious!

I am, you surely understand,  
A rather more than minor poet;  
Then take my trumpet, reader, and,  
Oh, blow it!

#### “SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt you have seen in the papers a long correspondence about “The Poor Lady.” Several philanthropists have shown how an impoverished gentlewoman can live upon next to nothing a year with the assistance of various residential homes. But if there are poor ladies, are there not “mere men” equally requiring the aid of the charitably inclined?

Take myself, for example. I dress fairly (thanks to the indulgence of my tradespeople), and occasionally am able to take the house dinner at my club. But I am terribly pressed, and even regard an omnibus as an impossible luxury. I remember, years ago, one of the most celebrated of the contributors to your immortal pages suggested that there was an opening for poor gentlemen in “salad dressing.” The scheme was proposed in a work entitled, as I think, *Happy Thought Hall*, and “the Confraternity” was to be styled “The Little Brothers of the Rich.” Presentable young men were to dine at a moment's notice, like “the Man from Blankley's.”

Surely the admirable notion should have been followed up. I shall be only too pleased to start it, going myself to the first entertainment demanding my services. I can listen to bores with so much attention that I can put in at the appropriate moments either smiles or tears. I can cheer heartily an amateur's comic song, and, what is even more important, can keep perfectly grave while a non-professional *prima donna* is singing in a whisper out of tune. Surely such talents as mine should be turned to good account.

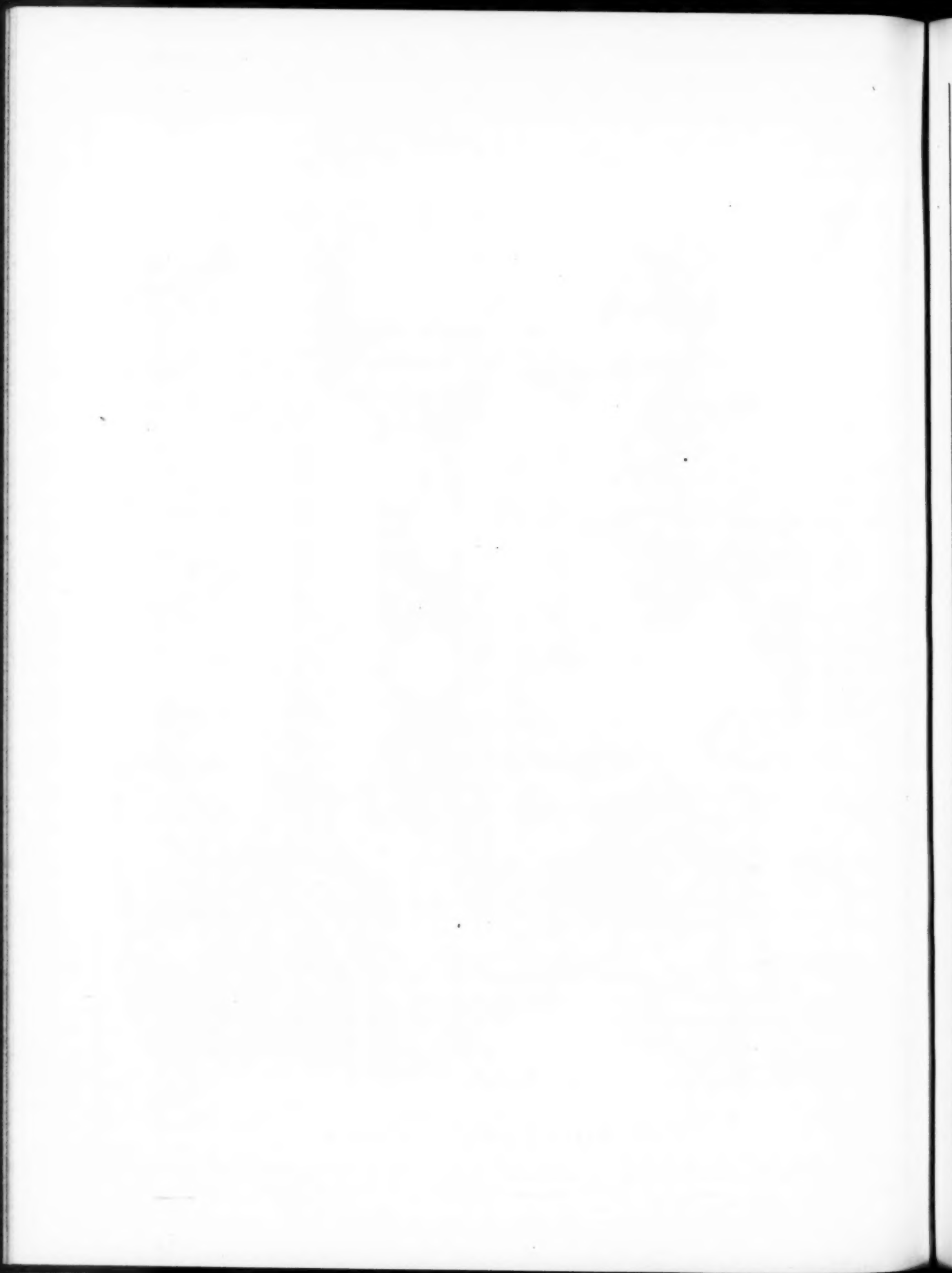
Yours truly, “A POOR MAN.”

PLAY FOR BICYCLISTS. — *Wheels within Wheels*, now running at the Criterion.



### THE GOVERNMENT CLOCK.

MR. JOHN BULL. "HUM! SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LOSING A BIT IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—GEORGE WYNDHAM, banging door of Irish Office behind him, gaily returned to War Office affairs. For the moment quite a different man. Been Irish Secretary only a few months; already work beginning to tell upon him. It broke FORSTER's stout heart; it turned GEORGE TREVELYAN's hair prematurely grey. Compared with their times of turmoil, CHIEF SECRETARY of to-day has quite a pleasant place; but already streaks of white are showing in his abundant hair. Something of the native joyousness of his manner has faded; he is acquiring an artificial sing-song intonation of sentences that tends to spoil his speech. For one night only he returns to the War Office, to help BRODRICK in defending his scheme. This he triumphantly does on quite new and conclusive ground.

"If," he asked, "we reject this scheme, what are we going to do with the Generals and Staff Officers now at the front?" There's the thing in a nut-shell. Thirty-two millions to be voted for the Army. "Why?" asks the over-burdened taxpayer. "Why?" repeats WYNDHAM, sharply. "Because we've got to find something to do for our Generals and Staff Officers who will be out of work when the war is over in South Africa."

Next to this disclosure, C.-B.'s shrewd discovery of weak point of the whole scheme was a secondary sensation. "You ask for six Army Corps, three to be ready for active service abroad. Very well. If three out of the six go, there won't be six left."

For a moment the House stood at gaze like JOSHUA's sun at Ajalon. BRODRICK moved uneasily on the Treasury Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR pretended to be deeply engaged with his despatch box. WALDRON standing at the Bar, looking round to see that his men were well in hand, felt that if a division were forthwith taken it would go hard with the Government. The pause broken by ripple of laughter. Deepened into a roar. C.-B., resuming his seat, looked round and smiled in genial response.

All very well to take it that way. An old device to laugh at unpleasant incontrovertible fact; but can C.-B.'s proposition be denied? Can anyone put his hand upon his heart and say that if three of the six Army Corps go abroad, there will be six left at home? I trow not. Then where are we? Admitting this flaw in the scheme, is it worth while to spend thirty millions in order to find occupation and income for discharged Generals and disendowed Staff Officers?

Tried to catch SPEAKER's eye; would like to have put these points, which flash upon one's mind as result of exhilarating

intellectual activity born of listening to Debate. As usual, SPEAKER didn't see me.

Business done.—Debating new War Office scheme.

House of Lords, Tuesday night.—The MARKISS back again after brief holiday. Everyone glad to find him in bounding health and (consequently) in most paradoxical mood. Inclined to hit out all round, contradicting everyone. The first body on which his heavy hand fell was the blameless one that homes the meek spirit of HENEAGE. Never so surprised in his



GROWN OUT OF HIS ARMOUR!

"I am not sure that I do not think it something of a benefit that we have been forced to look up our armour . . . . . There is a general impression that our preparations have not been sufficiently thought out to make our position as secure as we could wish to be!"—Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Hotel Metropole.

life. For startled moment thought he was back again in educational establishment in Yorkshire where, whilst he was still with us in the Commons, fantastic fancy feigned knowledge of his early and unhappy sojourn.

Question before House was Second Reading of Licensing Boards Bill, moved by CAMPERDOWN. All HENEAGE did was to invite the Government to fulfil their promise set forth in KING's Speech to bring in Bill dealing with Licensing Question.

"Don't," he said, "try to get out of the position by inviting individual Members of the House to introduce Bills."

The MARKISS up like a young thing of twenty. "I wish," he said, severely regarding HENEAGE as if he were a housemaid discovered taking a chair in the drawing-room at Hatfield, "to correct what the noble Lord has said, that I asked private Members to bring in Bills. I do not remember ever having made so indiscreet a request."

HENEAGE, trembling in every limb, his pallid brow beaded with perspiration, meekly reminded the MARKISS that when BISHOP OF WINCHESTER brought before the House Resolution on the subject he, the MARKISS, peremptorily ordered him to take it away and bring in a Bill.

"That's a very different matter," said the MARKISS; "but to exhort private Members generally to bring in Bills is an amount of indiscretion of which I have not been guilty."

And of which no one had accused him.

Later, ROSEBERY in masterly process of cross-examination pitilessly plied the MARKISS with questions on the subject of Ministerial intention. If the subject of the ordeal had been any other—say Mrs. DANE on her Defence—he would have been brought to his knees. The MARKISS only contradicted ROSEBERY and himself, and in the end there remained unravelled the mystery that broods about Government Licensing Bill promised in KING's Speech.

Business done.—Commons still discussing Army scheme put forward by War Office. Hostile criticism renewed from both sides. SARK says it reminds him of CHARLES I. riding through the streets of the town after the Battle of Naseby "There was none to cry God bless him!"

House of Commons, Thursday Night.—Nineteen years has Mr. SAM. SMITH dwelt in the wilderness of the House of Commons, and its ways are still dark to him. Just now, called on by the SPEAKER, he rose to put a question concerning the welfare of the London barmaid. Why should Members burst into roar of cheers, turning to a shout of laughter as he meekly surveyed the scene? Difficult for him to understand why in any circumstances grown-up men should laugh. The present lapse into temporary insanity quite inexplicable. 'Twas ever thus. Whatever be the subject he takes in hand—the purlieu of the theatres, the back of the stage at the music-halls, the iniquity of certain plays, Piccadilly Circus after midnight—no sooner is his plaintive voice heard asking a question or driving home a moral than ribald Members opposite, others below the Gangway on his own side, break forth into a cheer of suspicious vigour.

Of course, there is not a scintilla of truth in the story told in the smoking-room, that SAMUEL crossed Palace Yard this afternoon with a highly-dressed



S-M SM-TH'S PROGRESS!

(A purely fancy picture conjured up by certain irreverent laughter in the House!)

*The Sporting Samuel.* "No! By Jove! Hundred hours a week? Not really? What an awfully beastly shame, don't ye know! Wake up those Johnnies in the House 'bout it? You see if I don't,—Righto!"

buxom barmaid on either arm. If it were true, why not? A common thing for Members about to address the house to escort lady friends to the Gallery. Why should S. S., intent upon pleading the cause of the over-worked barmaid be deprived of the society of acquaintances especially interested in the subject of his remarks.

It wasn't true; the House knew it was a weak invention; but it laughed, all the same, what time SAMUEL in mild amazement awaited an interval of silence in which he might put his Question.

*Business done.*—BRODRICK's resolution on Army Reform carried by majority of 142 in the House of 468. Members wouldn't speak in favour of it; but they voted; which, on the whole, PRINCE ARTHUR, a little anxious about the result, thinks is the better way.

*Friday.*—WINSTON CHURCHILL came very well out of critical ordeal of second important speech. With the modesty of youth he undertook to challenge the scheme of Army Re-organization put forward from War Office. Handed in amendment to BRODRICK's resolution, which, if carried, would not only have involved withdrawal of elaborate scheme but re-

signation of the Ministry. C.-B. moving more leisurely, as is the way with heavier bodies, some time later placed on Paper amendment designed to have identical effect. WINSTON must needs give way to Leader of Opposition; but no reason why he shouldn't have his say.

With characteristic good luck, found an opening at eleven o'clock. No better time for making a hit. Members back again in their places in cheerful frame of mind engendered by dinner. WINSTON's speech evidently carefully prepared, but wasn't embarrassed by his notes; turned aside from them now and then to make capital debating point out of speeches delivered earlier in the evening. Much in matter and manner of speech that recalled his father. To begin with, had thoroughly studied the subject, and had something practical to say about it; his darts winged with admirably-phrased, sometimes epigrammatic sentences. SARK complains that his utterance is too rapid, and hopes he won't make fatal mistake of speaking too often. But he'll learn, and he'll do.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

## O FORTUNATI NIMIUM.

[Signor DAVID PETRUCCI is travelling about Italy, announcing the approaching end of all human suffering. He can neither read nor write, and is of opinion that this ignorance is an essential of mundane happiness.]

Too happy followers of this

Our very latter-day apostle,  
To sing away your lives in bliss  
As gaily as the lark or throstle!

No early papers meet your eye;  
Or if they do, you cannot read them,  
While as for ink and paper, why,  
'Tis very plain you do not need them.

When all the world has come to share  
The views by which you are enlightened,  
An end will be of pain and care;  
We shall no more be fussed or frightened.

No leading article will then  
With esoteric phrase alarm us,  
No writer's cramp, no broken pen,  
No lack of blotting-pad will harm us.

Books shall be burnt, and authors too,  
All publishers be drowned like kittens!  
And, having nothing else to do,  
Society shall crochet mittens.

No dinner parties can take place,  
Since none can write an invitation;  
Twiddling their thumbs, the human race  
Shall wait complete annihilation.

## "JOHNSON FOR LICHFIELD!"

ON Whit-Monday the house in which Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the eminent lexicographer, was born will be thrown open to the public by the Corporation of Lichfield. These enthusiastic gentlemen (through their mayor) have expressed their anxiety to present in the Lichfield Worthies Room as many references in the way of MS., books, pictures, &c., relating to JOHNSON and Lichfield as possible.

Ever ready to oblige, the Sage of Bouverie Street gives a list of exhibits that would have pleased his brother Sage almost as much as that pleasant "walk down Fleet Street," so frequently referred to by writers of a later date. Whether they will be seen in "the Lichfield Worthies Room" time will show.

1. Pun on the name of BOSWELL.
2. Refusal of the proprietors of "the little theatre in the Haymarket" to produce another of the Doctor's dramatic trifles in five acts.
3. Receipt for making a haggis from a friend at the Hebrides.
4. Small portion of the original Cheshire cheese.
5. Acknowledgment of the purchase of three dozen chairs to be placed in various taverns in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street.
6. Notes for the Dictionary, with queries as to the right spelling of "Parliament," "yacht," and "knowledge."



G. L. STAMPA

Young Lady (who politely prefers asking a question to expressing an opinion). "WHAT REASON COULD THE ACADEMY HAVE FOR REJECTING IT, I WONDER?"

Artist. "OH, I EXPECT THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE TITLE. I CAN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER POSSIBLE REASON."



## UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

(Not for Publication.)

EH? Wha—what? What's matter?—Who's there? Oh, it's you, SYMMONDS. What d'you want to come wakin' me up for? Stuff the room feels. Pah! Tastes like a bad egg. Yes, get me a peg, SYMMONDS, four fingers, d'ye see? Well, why don't you go? Didn't you hear what I said? You deaf?

What? Oh, ah, yes. That confounded interview. Yes, I'd forgotten. Come, have they? Oh, all right, send 'em up. 'Spose I must, if I said so. Did I say so, SYMMONDS? You always know these sort of things. I've no head for 'em myself. Now, what the doose am I to say? What d' they want to interview me for? I've never done 'em any harm. I'm not a bishop, by gad, or—a ballet-girl. Jove, though, when it comes to dancin'—Remember that break-down I did at the regimental theatricals at Umballah? Eh, SYMMONDS? Let's see. Wonder if I could—somethin' like this it went—tumptiddy, tumtiddy, tum, tum—dash! My knees are getting a bit—Bless my soul! Who the—I beg your pardon, h'm—madam. I—I didn't know you were there. Now where the—what the—where's that man of mine got to, confound him! Told you to come up, did he? Like his dashed—ah'm. But I don't—you see, the fact is, I was expectin' a—er—ah, exac'ly, a mere man, as you say. One of those inf—in point of fact, a newspaper fellow. You? You don't mean to say you come from the—ah, the—ah,—yes, the *Argus*? Well, I'm—'pon my soul, I'm doosid glad to see you. You're so uncommonly—oh, no offence. There, now: that's the only comfortable chair in the house. No one but me ever—I say, you're not going to make a note of that, are you? Seems hardly worth while, does it? That's all right.

Oh, that! My first tiger. Gad, he nearly did for me too, the brute. Just after I'd joined. You ever been in India, Miss—? Ah'm. Well, he'd got my shikari down—stoopid fool! hadn't loaded properly. Forgot to put in the bullet, by gad. Oh, I was dead on, couldn't possibly have missed. BULL'S-EYE JOE they used to call me in the regiment. So of course I had to—oh, just clubbed my rifle, and smashed the brute's skull in. Dead? Why—oh, the shikari? Oh, yes, he was dead right enough, the stoopid idiot. Ah, I could tell you dozens of stories like that. Well, fact is, I am thinkin' of publishin' 'em, one of these days. I'd be dashed sorry if I couldn't write 'em better than that KIPLIN fellow. I knew all those yarns of his before he was born. Knew the people too, by gad, intimately. Mrs. HAWKSBEES now. She was a particular friend of mine. Oh, everyone knew who she was. But he spoilt 'em all, ruined 'em, Sir,—I mean Miss—? Ah'm. But what could you expect of a telegraph clerk!

Well now, what can I—'m,—I'm afraid that won't interest you: it's a golf club: my pet driver. Oh, yes. I do a good deal of golfin'. Exactly: mus' do somethin', mustn't one? Of course, you don't—? Gad, Miss—? Ah'm, my dear, you astonish me. Now ain't it a good game? I? Oh, I'm—ah—pooty good. No, not puttin'. Can't be bothered with it. But drivin' now. Oh, yes, as far as drivin' goes, I don't care who it is. You ask TOM DUNN 'bout my play. Wonderful judge of the game, TOM DUNN. But he can't—now, tell me, you ever seen him drive? Well then, did anything strike you 'bout his swing? Quick? Ah, exac'ly; too quick, ain't it? Yes, you're quite right. 'Slow back' does it,—slow back and sloe gin, and plenty of both, and the knee-swing, of course—that's the great secret. I say, Miss—? Ah'm. Couldn't we have a game together some day? I'd like to show you—what now? Of course I could, my dear—delighted. It's this sort of thing. You stand like this, and you work your knees backwards like this,—and forwards—see?—like this, and then you take aim slowly, and—rmph! away goes the ball, hunderd and eighty, hunderd and ninety, two hunderd yards. Yes, that's 'bout my distance. Here, give me the club: I can show you better with that. Now watch!—You see—

backwards, then forwards, and then—Oh, confound that lamp. I beg your pardon, but—fact is, it's MARIA's—my wife's, and she'll kick up the very—well, what d'you want now, SYMMONDS? Oh, ah, the whiskey. Just put it down, and then—the carriage? Oh, bother—tell her ladyship I can't come. Say I'm busy and—here, wait a minute. P'raps Miss—will you have anything? Glass of sherry, now, or—quite sure? All right, SYMMONDS, you needn't wait, and—ah—you needn't come back, SYMMONDS.

I suppose you're not one of those modern water-drinkers, my dear young lady. Won't mind my takin' my peg? Me believe in it? Now do I look like it, my dear? Ah! that's better. You take my word for it, this water-drinkin' and—er—higher morality, and all the rest of it, will play the—will be the ruin of the British Army. Short service? Fiddlesticks! Mind, I don't say short service is a good thing, in fact, I believe it's an invention of the—of Mr. GLADSTONE's, but all the same—Fight? Gad, I should jus' think so, as well as ever. Oh, Tommy Atkins is all right, if they'd only let him alone, and not try to make him moral by Act of Parliament. You don't want him moral, Sir—my dear—you want a fightin' machine. Gad, I wish I'd had the leadin' of him in this war. We haven't got a single general officer who's worth a two-penny—h'm.

New? What, this morality business? Not a bit of it, only there's more of it than there used to be. Why, there was a man called RICKETTS in my regiment, joined the same time as I did—no, not RECKETTS, RICKETTS, TOM RICKETTS, and he—beg pardon? Oh, I thought you did. No, I never liked him. couldn't stand him. Always fussin' about, gettin' up sing-songs and things for the men, wanted to keep 'em away from the canteen, and—ah'm—all that sort of thing—you know. Said we ought to set 'em an example, by gad, the silly old fool. Dead now though, and a doosid good riddance too.

Now, is there anything more I can—I say, you're lookin' uncommon queer. Anything the matter, my dear? Sure you won't you let me get a glass of—Oh, all right. I'm not goin' to touch you. You needn't be—Gad, MARIA, where have you sprung from? Gave me quite a start. Thought you'd gone drivin'. I was uncommon sorry not to come, but 'pon my word—this? Oh, this is only Miss—Miss—by the way, what is your name? I didn't quite—RICKETTS! What, not any relation of—His daughter? Well, I'm—ah'm. Oh, confound it all, why the doose—Oh, all right, MARIA, I'll introduce her fast enough, if you'd only not be so—so aggravatin'. Allow me to—I say, you're not goin', Miss—er—RICKETTS? 'Pon my soul, you can't leave me in this—can't you see how uncommon awkward it is for me? Of course, if I'd known he was your father I'd have—Oh, well, go then! Go to the—hah! by Jove, there's a nice tame cat of a young woman for you! Look here, MARIA, for goodness' sake ask your questions, and have done with 'em. Well, I'll tell you. She's the daughter of an old brother-officer of mine, old TOM RICKETTS, and I said one or two things about him she didn't like—Oh, all right. I'm comin' to that. She came here from an inf—ah, an important newspaper, to interview me. Yes, to interview me. Anything surprisin' in that, I'd like to know? I s'pose I'm as good as a ballet-girl? And now I'll be—yes, I will, I'll be—well, hanged then, if I answer another question. I've had enough interviewin' to last me for some time. Gad, it's a pity, too! She was an uncommonly—Good-bye, MARIA—pretty little girl. I'd like to have taught her that knee-swing.

G. F. C.

## A SLUMP DIALOGUE.

*Sympathising Friend (to sporting but impecunious Baronet).* Hope you got out of all your Americans before this slump took place, and that you liquidated your position and were not uneasy?

*Sporting but Impecunious Baronet.* "Uneasy"? Well, I was somewhat, but nothing like what my brokers were.



## THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

(Modern Version.)

["Means must be found either to put a stop to the social and other expenses connected with commands in the Army, which demand private expenditure, or to raise the pay to the level of the expenses."—*Times*, May 15.]

WELLINGTON MARLBOROUGH SMITH made up his mind at the early age of five that he would be worthy of his Christian names. By saving up his pocket-money, and "turning it over" by the purchase and sale of various articles greatly prized by his school-fellows, he realised a sum that assisted his parents to obtain for him the supplementary education qualifying him for the Service.

He was gazetted a second lieutenant. Then it came to pass that he found he had an insufficient income to live up to his rank.

So he invented and patented a new sort of corkscrew, and realised a considerable sum. This kept him going until he secured his "star."

And now he had to qualify for his company. He took to betting, and with the aid of good luck, again was in sufficient funds. He became a captain, and was ready to receive field rank.

He faced the financial difficulty, and, with the assistance of the Stock Exchange, obtained sufficient cash to keep up his position. Captain, and subsequently Major, W. M. SMITH prospered. A small war in a distant part of His Majesty's possessions secured for him valuable service and no less valuable exemption from entertaining.

He was worthy of his name, and returned home Major-General Sir WELLINGTON M. SMITH, K.C.B.

He was called to Pall Mall and offered the command of a district.

He hesitated. He was urged to accept the appointment.

"You deserve it, Sir WELLINGTON," said the official. "Your services have been meritorious, and the Army will receive our choice with acclamation."

"You are most kind," returned Sir WELLINGTON, "but there is an insuperable difficulty. I am not a rich man."

The official received the announcement with grave regret.

"Well," said he at last, "we will keep it open for six weeks. By the end of that time you will be able to see if you can do anything."

The period passed rapidly. At its end Sir WELLINGTON presented himself once more at Pall Mall.

"I am delighted, Sir, to accept the command you have so kindly suggested."

The official shook the distinguished officer by the hand. They had been school-fellows in the days when they were boys together.

"I say, old man," said the civilian, dropping the official tone as the matter



## ANYHOW, SINCERE.

*Reggie (who prides himself on his wit).* "I SAY, CHARLIE, YOU SEE MY JOKE, DON'T YOU, OLD CHAP? VERY GOOD, ISN'T IT?"

*Charlie (who considers himself a wag).* "NOT AT ALL, OLD FELLOW. DON'T SEE IT, AND DON'T WANT TO SEE IT. HAVE HEARD IT, AND THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH FOR ME!"

[*Conversation ends abruptly.*]

was settled, "how did you get over the financial difficulty? Peg tops and knives played out?"

"Quite—fifty years ago."

"And I suppose not much left of the patent corkscrew?"

"Self-opening bottles disposed of that."

"Anything on race meetings or the Stock Exchange?"

"Haven't time for either."

"Then how on earth did you obtain a sufficient private income to keep up the command?"

"I am married," returned the warrior, "and the maiden name of my wife was EUPHINA X. Y. Z. O'DOLLARS, of Chicago, U.S.A. My father-in-law—who is known as the Pork King—behaved like a millionaire and a gentleman." And shaking hands with his old school-fellow, the General Commanding the — District hastened to Head-quarters to show himself at a garden fête, plus a dinner-party and a five-hundred-guests-invited dance.

## AT EARL'S COURT—AN APPRECIATION.

SOMETHING like a Military Exhibition! Big guns defending the band-stand, big guns protecting the refreshment department, big guns dominating the principal stalls and threatening the gigantic wheel. And a very splendid spectacle, "China," takes one to Peking. According to the book, historically correct.

Then the military relics are deeply interesting. WELLINGTON's cloak at Waterloo quite worth of itself the charge of one shilling which admits the visitor to the whole show—the whole show (well understood), with two or three exceptions. The military pictures, too, first rate. A portrait of the late ARCHIBALD FORBES (to whose memory knights of the pen and sword are erecting a monument in St. Paul's), capital. Quite one of the best of Professor VON HERKOMER. Altogether, well worth seeing. It was said years ago that all roads led to Earl's Court. Those roads this year should be well travelled.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES AT THE OPERA.



Monday, May 13.—To the Opera, with a Covent-Gardenia as a button-hole in honour of first night of season. Merry month of May, musical May, season for pipe and tabor. Couldn't get very far now-a-days with orchestra limited to pipe and tabor. New arrangements outside, inside, on the stage, under the stage, above the stage—whether for better or worse time will show. At entrance in Bow Street, carriages drive up where cabs fear to come; and outside the portico under an awning (which wasn't there on the first night, but has since been fixed up) the cabs drive up. This promises, by the aid of well-managed "call-boys," to be a considerable improvement on the old rough-and-tumble fashion of egressing. The awning is not big enough by at least a third. And is it rain-proof?

By the new arrangement of entrance to stalls right and left of orchestra, whence the stall-occupants come up *de profundis*, the lounge *entr'acte*, whereof the *lorgnetters* were wont to block the passage, is now a thing of the past. By this move the syndicate gains two private boxes. There is nothing very novel in the scenic arrangements. The hideous old-fashioned prompt-box, like the top part of a small hansom cab, is at a greater distance from the "flote,"—no longer to be called "flote" as the lights are "sunk,"—and the conductor of the orchestra seems to be raised on a higher rock than ever above the submerged musicians.

As to performance. Well, chorus good; "cloister" and "ball-room" scene ditto in GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*, given in French-Grand ovation to Madame EAMES as the melodious heroine, who would not take an encore for the waltz which she sang deliciously. With her, one good turn does *not* deserve another. As *Roméo*, Mons. SALEZA in excellent voice: nice little man for so fine a *Juliette*. The evergreen BAUERMEISTER-singer, quite a coquettish *Gertrude*, alias Shakspearian "nurse to *Juliette*." Mons. JOURNET not quite the worthy *Frère Laurent*. Signor MANCINELLI in great force, conducting himself and orchestra admirably.

Of course, punctually at eight the National Anthem was given as a sort of perfunctory tribute to the Opera House as bearing the affix of "Royal." It rather recalls the *Non Nobis* at a City dinner, so delightfully described by THACKERAY as "sung by those professional devotees, Mr. SHADRACK, Mr. MESHECH, and little JACK OLDBOY." This devotional dedication of the season was lost on the fashionable majority in boxes and stalls, their occupants not arriving in time to demonstrate their undoubted loyalty.

Among the celebrities present we observed Prince and Princess PING-PONG, the Marquis of LAWN-TENNIS, Count CROQUET, and Baron BRIDGE. Viscount WHIST, of Whisteria, we regret to say, was unable to put in an appearance. UNLIMITED LOO, sparkling in diamonds, was very much *en évidence*, as were Baroness BACCARAT, Captain CRIBBAGE, and GREGORY GOLF. Not "all the 'talents'" present but a fair average of "shekels."

Tuesday, May 14, at 7.45, HUMPERDINCK's opera of *Hansel und Gretel* in German. This being a "juvenile night,"—that is, as far as the first part is concerned, the second division, *Cavalleria Rusticana* (in Italian), being for those who have passed from the years of discretion into those of indiscretion,—a juvenile critic was evidently the one to give an unsophisticated opinion, and this very "young person" was simply delighted with the *Gretel* of Fräulein DAVID and the *Hansel* of Fräulein FELSER, who really seemed to make themselves quite little children. Oh! how they did act and sing! Full of spirit and "go." "Go" is the word.

"The prayer," observed our youthful critic, attempting the professionally descriptive style, "before the children prepare for sleep, was most beautifully rendered by these very clever

(with an accent on the 'very') young ladies." "They received," continues our ecstatic reporter, "many 'calls' at the end of the delightful opera." And did "they come when they were called"? "Rather! And," adds my enthusiastic deponent, "they thoroughly deserved it, for they had worked ADMIRABLY!!!" Italics and notes of admiration can no further go.

Miss ALDRIDGE with the powerful voice was a splendid witch, and Mlle. OLITZKA as *Gertrude* very good. As the drunken old Eccles-like but good-hearted father *Peter*, Herr MUHLMANN, though a name that sounds like a man who makes a mull of it, was excellent. Specially to be noted as being particularly effective were the two solos of the *Sandman* and the *Dewman*, sung by Madame KIRKBY LUNN (pity her Christian name isn't "SARAH"—as for this children's opera a "Sally Lunn" would have been so suggestive of nursery tea time!) and by Miss NICHOLLS. Mistake to give *Cavalleria* after this; and so late too! Was it in order to balance the comedy of *Hansel und Gretel* against the tragedy of *Cavalleria* that the big "waits" were thrown into the scale?

Wednesday.—*Tannhäuser* in German. Composer WAGNER, Conductor LOHSE. Frau GADSKI at her very best as *Elisabeth*. Was it Frau GADSKI who wrote *The Letters of Elizabeth*? The notes of this *Elisabeth* are even more charming than those of the other *Elisabeth*, just now so popular. Mlle. STRAKOSCH not an ideal *Venus*. Mynheer VAN DYCK, as the Good Knight gone wrong, is knight errant at first, but *sans reproche* at finish; quite the character. Herr MOHWINKEL's *Wolfram* "of the very best." Good performance. But O those weary waits between the acts! Whose fault? A good ten minutes, or what the French call *un petit quart d'heure*, would be quite sufficient for the most exhausted singers to rest their bodies, clear their pipes, and, in the ancient language of "the ring," not the Wagnerian but pugilistic, to "take a suck at the lemon and at him again." Time! tuneful ladies and gentlemen. Time!

Thursday.—Re-appearance of our old friend *Rigoletto*. VIVA VERDI! Show me a better *Gilda* than Black-eyed SUSAN ADAMS, and if that be possible, then do I defy you to produce a better Duke, a Duke younger and more tender, a lighter Lovelace and gayer Lothario combined, a Duke not yet old enough or politic enough to assume the virtue of a Ducal bearing in public though he hath it not in private,—in fact, show me a more captivating young dog of a Duke, a more charming singer and more careless sinner than is ANSELM as *Il Duca*, and—well—the reward will be given in "untold gold"!

That excellent artist, M. GILLIBERT was a dignified representative of the unfortunate *Monterone*, whose terrific "cuss" is the cause of all the woe. M. SEVEILHAC was about as good a *Rigoletto* as is within the memory of opera-goers more youthful than those who can remember RONCONI: but RONCONI was nowhere vocally. M. SEVEILHAC, Black-eyed SUSAN, and the Dook, were called and recalled, and recalled after that. So *Rigoletto* is not played out, but like "*le petit bonhomme*" the work of VERDI "*vit encore*." Marked curtailment of *entr'actes*. The removal of these heavy "waits" makes *Rigoletto* quite a light opera.

Friday.—"A night with GOUNOD; or, *Faust à la française*," and a Saturday WAGNER Night, *Tristan und Isolde*, bring the first week's opera season to a satisfactory conclusion.

## In the City.

Innocent Dabbler. What do they mean by Northern Pacific Commons?

Mr. Spec (who has not been particularly fortunate). I should call them the North Pacific Uncommons, as they jump about like kangaroos.

